

"Candice, will you come up please to present your presentation on your research on aquatic life?" Miss. Thinkersworth exclaimed, sitting amongst the students in the school auditorium.

Candice shot up excitedly from her seat, her infamously large bosom and bubble butt jiggled in momentum. She was ecstatic to present what she learned to everyone in her class, bending over gathering her papers (and giving those behind her a small show of her jiggling bubble butt) Candice slipped past the seats and ran upstage wearing a pair of faded-blue loose jeans, a button-down green shirt, and her cute petite baby pink tennis shoes.

Running behind stage to make sure her PowerPoint presentation will play, a firm smack on her butt came crashing down.

"Hey, there cutie!" Emma flirted. "Good luck with today's presentation."

"Thanks! Though what are you doing back here? Why aren't you in the audience?" Candice puzzled. Emma reached and squeezed Candice's delightful boobs, squishing them together and fondling them, Candice wriggling in a mixture of pleasure and embarrassment.

"Eee! Ah! No! Not there!" Candice exclaimed, grabbing Emma's wrists in protests.

"Just making sure the presentation goes smoothly cutie pie!" Emma reassured, letting go of Candice's breast.

"Thanks!" Candice retorted happily. "Wish me luck." Candice peered one more time through the curtains, then skipped right out.

Candice stood excitingly behind a podium, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of her body high, barely covering her boobs, but gave a great armrest position.

"Hello everyone! Today I want to present my studies at Oceans Blue Aquarium!" Candice spoke into the mic. Clicking on her first slide, poorly designed with outdated design and graphics, a baby dolphin clip art on the front. Her classmates mildly groaned when they saw the corner screen displaying the note "Slide 1/54".

"The killer whale or orca is a toothed whale belonging to the oceanic dolphin family, of which it is the largest member. Killer whales have a diverse diet, although individual populations often specialize in particular types of prey." Candice explained, displaying a slide of a poorly designed image with slow-moving bullet points.

10 minutes in, Candice's boring lecture continued on, putting half of the class to sleep.

"Now we move into the Killer Whale! Did you know that-" *click*

Candice felt and heard something off, she looked around to find the source of the small noise she just heard.

Suddenly she found the source as hands with red fingernail polish wrapped around her large hips to the front of her pants, fumbling at the button and slowly unzipping them. It was Emma from behind the curtain, unzipping her pants!

Classmates arose from their nap when they noticed Candice fumbling with her words while looking down, shaking back and forth like an erratic dance.

Candice, panicked, slaps Emma's hands away from the zipper with surprising success, Emma's hands darting back behind her. With relief at hand, she continued.

“Well-known species such as the great white shark, tiger shark, blue shark, mako shark, thresher shark, and hammerhead shark are apex predators—organisms at the top of their underwater food chain.” Candice continued explaining in her slides.

Without warning the same mischievous hands returned aggressively, unbuttoning and unzipping Candice's pants before Candice could counteract.

Candice was helpless as Emma's forceful grip wiggled Candice out of pants, she couldn't even react now otherwise she will cause greater attention to herself.

Holding up her pants with one hand while Emma's fiercely gripped them at the sides trying to pull her pants down, Candice with futile efforts, continued her lecture.

“W-where was I...um the SHARK, ah! N-not there! Is...uh..” Candice mumbled. The embarrassment was starting to get to her as she felt her pants go shoot down past her bubble butt, exposing her bouncing panty-clad butt cheeks to no one eyes but Emma's, enjoying Candice's embarrassing stance. Candice's tight, barely covering, frilly white panties on display.

Candice's instinct made her hands covering the front of her frilly white panties, causing even the Miss. Thinkerworth to question what is going on.

“Candice, are you okay?” The Miss. Thinkerworth asked, about ready to leave her seat.

“No no! E-everything is fine!” Candice nervously exclaimed, forcing her hands up to wave at the Miss. Thinkerworth, leaving her bottom half unguarded to Emma's perverted hands.

Candice's face turned red, burning with arousal, with hands forced to remain on the podium withdraw suspicion while Emma's hands freely frisked Candice all over she wanted, pulling her panties, slapping her cheeks gently but enough to cause a good butt jiggle, and running her fingers around her most intimate places. All the while Candice's pants hugged tightly around her ankles.

Emma's fingers crossed and tickled Candice, causing her to wiggle her hips in a terrible attempt to avert her touch, but only in fact giving Emma a good show of Candice's wiggling bubble butt. Two fingers ran right between her legs, arousing Candice greatly.

Emma found Candice's weak spot, running her fingers between Candice's legs again, causing Candice to shiver in arousal. Candice's speech slurred and talking points began to blur together. With Candice's knees buckling, her pants at her ankles, Candice was maximizing her embarrassing stance.

Candice standing behind a podium, with her pants around her ankles, highly aroused with nearly wet panties clinging tightly to her bubble butt. Knees shuffling trying to cover what she can. Occasionally pulling her shirt down in an attempt to cover her panties.

Emma's hands suddenly stopped giving Candice's butt a good frisking and went behind the curtain. From Emma's side, she began part two of her plan.

“You liked Mr. Wiggles right Candice? Here's a new one for you” Emma whispered to herself.

Appearing again from the curtains, Emma drew back Candice's panties with her bubble butt bared. Candice with barely time to react, turned her head just see Emma with one hand comically stretching her panties back, and with another dropping a medium-sized goldfish down the back her panties, snapping her panties back into place with the fish flopping inside. Candice shifted back and forth, trying to get free of the fish while maintaining her balance with her legs starting to feel more weak.

The fish wasted no time in wiggling against Candice's bubble butt, causing Candice to shake her hips wildly. The fins and tail shook about, slapping against the blonde's bubble butt.

Oh no! Ah! Stop! Candice screamed in her head, trying to adjust herself from arousing discomfort. She had never even considered that such a bizarre thing would happen to her, yet here she was, alarmed and aroused by a goldfish flopping around between her butt cheeks.

Emma, kneeling behind the curtain, covering her mouth, trying to prevent enormous laughter to escape her lips. "This has to be the greatest prank yet!" she thought to herself. Peeking through the curtain, she was delightfully entertained watching Candice shuffle her hips side to side with an outline of the goldfish dancing in her panties. Occasionally Candice would grab her own bubble butt cheeks, trying to figure out what to do.

Candice in desperation tries to shake it out of her, but instead of feeling relief, the goldfish slipped down to between the middle of her legs. Standing with her legs spread to not crush the fish between her thighs, the goldfish continued to bounce and flop in her panties. The wetness of the fish and the erratic movement felt even more arousing than Mr. Wiggles!

"Okay, time to wrap up the presentation Candice." The Miss. Thinkerworth demanded.

"O-!OH! T-thank you so much!" Candice exclaimed, barely able to hang on much longer. With precaution, but steadfast, Candice began packing up her papers with haste.

"But first! Anyone have any questions they liked to ask?" The Miss. Thinkerworth exclaimed, looking around the class for raising hands. Candice's face flushed with disappointment.

Aware of the prank going on, Hanna in the audience raises her hand. "Yes, Candice. Can you explain how a goldfish remembers only for 3 seconds?" Hanna flirtatiously asked, making sure to slow down her words to enjoy Candice's predicament.

"A-ah, yes...y-yes I uh..." Candice muttered, losing control. "If you just..Ah!!"

Candice suddenly falls from behind the podium, tripping her pants wrapped around her ankles. A loud thud perks the ears of her classmates, to the vision of their favorite bubble butt nerd sprawled out ass up on all fours with her jiggling bubble-butt on display.

Candice's arousal and embarrassment hit maximum as many gazes hit her, staring at her frilly white panties with a goldfish stuck flopping inside, her pants around her ankles a sudden burst of uproarious laughter hit the room, flashing lights captured every precious moment.

"Candice! What is the meaning of this?!" The Miss. Thinkerworth shouted, slamming her ruler against the metal chair in front of her.

"Ah! No! This is embarrassing!! Please!" Candice screamed in embarrassment. Trying to crawl away from the situation, she found herself stuck mid-way through the curtains. Her pants got caught on a nail on stage, keeping her butt on display in front of the entire class!

The class cheered and clapped, watching as Candice's hips moved back and forth, trying to pull her pants from the nail, making her butt-cheeks wobble and the fish flopping about faster.

As the fish wobbled faster and faster, her panties starting to give way, lowering down to expose her bare bubble butt to the entire class. The class stood up in a mocking way, doing a standing ovation to Candice's "performance."

"Great presentation Candice! Great job!" Emma shouted. Candice finally free crawls through the curtains,

blushing a deep crimson.

“Yes! Great! Great! Presentation.” Emma clapped, standing next to Candice on the other side.

“I’ll get that!” Emma whispered, pulling back Candice’s panties, taking the fish out of her panties and dropping it back into the fishbowl. Candice on all fours, legs shaking from arousal, gives Emma a stink-eye look.

“How are we friends?!!” Candice exclaimed.